

The Shelby Sentinel.

JOHN T. HEARN, Editor and Manager.

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June 6, 1866

Independent in Politics—Devoted to General News, Literature and Morality.

\$2 50 PER ANNUN, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. I.

Nov 14 1866 SHELBYVILLE, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 6, 1866.

NO. 1.

THE SHELBY SENTINEL, BY JOHN T. HEARN.

We take pleasure in announcing that our proposition to publish the *Sentinel* has received the hearty endorsement of the community, and the prospects for success are bright. We have received many letters from the citizens of Shelby and surrounding counties, but from all parts of the State and country some Western and Southern "Statesmen," we are assured by the assurance that permanent success will crown our enterprise.

That there may be no misgiving standing as to the position which the *Sentinel* will occupy in reference to the policies of the country, we deem it necessary to make this statement: While independent of political parties, it adheres to no, or, at least, views, but holding only to the interests of the people, who will be free to condone all religious, patriotic, or moral measures; giving our approval ardently to a bold and courageous policy. Devoting our attention to "God and good men," life in the morality and all honor of the day, the *Sentinel* will be rendered valuable to all classes.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single copy, one cent, in advance. \$2 50

Subscription six months, \$1 50

Terms of advertising see third page.

OVER THE RIVER,

Over the river they beckon to me.

Low voices who've crept to the farther side;

The bloom of their snowy robes I see;

But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.

Their song with ringlets of sunny gold.

And eyes—the reflection of heaven's own blue;

Heaven's eyes in the twilight, gray and cold;

And the pale mist hid them from mortal view;

We know not the angels who met him there—

The gates of the city we could not see—

Over the river, over the river,

My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pales;

Carried another—the household pet;

Her brown curves waved in the gentle gale—

Daring Minnie! I see her yet;

She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,

And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;

We left it glide from the silver sands,

And as our sunbeam grew strangely dark.

We saw all the ransomed angels bend—

Over the river the mystic river;

My childhood's idyl is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores;

Who cross with the boymen cold and pale;

We hear the dip of the golden oars,

And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,

They cross not again; they are gone for ever.

We know not the vale where they lie.

That hides from our vision the gates of day—

We only know that their bark is gone more;

May sail with us o'er life's stormy seas;

Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,

They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold

is flushing river hill and shore,

I shall one day stand by winter cold,

And lo! the shadow of the boatman's oar;

I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,

I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,

I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale.

To the better shore of the spirit land;

I shall know the loved who have gone before,

And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,

When over the river, the peaceful river.

The Angel of Death shall carry me.

KINDNESS REWARDED.

Mr. Frazier sat reading, in his counting-room. He was in the midst of a piece of interesting news, when a lad came to the door and said—"Do you want a boy, sir?"

Without lifting his eyes from the paper, Mr. Frazier answered "No;" to the applicant, and in rather a rough way.

Before the lad had reached the street, conscience had compelled the merchant to listen to a reluking sentence.

"You might have spoken kindly to the poor boy, at least," said conscience. "This is an opportunity."

Mr. Frazier let the paper fall before his eyes, and turned to look at the lad. He was small—but clean. The merchant tapped at one of the windows of the counting room, and the boy glanced back over his shoulder. A sign from the merchant caused him to return.

"What did you say just now?"

"Do you want a boy, sir?" The lad repeated the words he had spoken, hesitatingly, a few minutes before.

Mr. Frazier looked at him with a suddenly awakened interest. He had a fair, girlish face, dark brown eyes and hair, and though slender and delicate in appearance, stood erect, with a manliness of aspect that showed him to be already conscious of duty in the world. But there did not seem to be much of that stuff in him that is needed for the battle of life.

"Take a chair," said Mr. Frazier, an involuntary respect for the lad getting possession of his mind.

The boy sat down, with his large, clear eyes fixed on the merchant's face.

"How old are you?"

"I was twelve, sir, last month," replied the boy.

"What splendid eyes," said the merchant to himself. "And I've seen them before, dark and lustrous as a woman's."

Away back in the past the thoughts of Mr. Frazier went, borne on the light from those beautiful eyes; and for some moments he forgot the present in the past. But when he came back into the present again, he had a softer heart toward the stranger lad.

"You should go to school for a year or two longer," he said.

"I must help my mother," replied the lad.

"Is your mother very poor?"

"Yes, sir, and she's sick."

The lad's voice shook a little, and his soft woman's eyes grew brighter in tears that filled them.

Mr. Frazier had already forgotten the point of interest in the news after which his mind was searching when the boy interrupted him. "I don't want a lad myself," said Mr. Frazier, "but maybe I can speak a good word for you, and that would help you know. I think that you would make an honest and useful lad. But you are not strong."

"Oh, yes, sir, I'm strong!" And the boy stood up in a brave spirit.

The merchant looked at him with a steadily increasing interest.

"What is your name?" he asked.
"Charles Leonard, sir."

There was an instant change in the merchant's manner, and he turned his face so far away that the boy's eyes could not see its expression. For a long time he sat still and silent—so long that the boy wondered.

"Is your father living?" Mr. Frazier did not look at the boy, but still kept his face away. His voice was low and not very even:

"No sir. He died four years ago."

"Where?" The voice was quick and firm.

"In London, sir."

"How long since you came to America?"

"Two years."

"Have you been in this city ever since?"

"No, sir. We came here with my uncle, a year ago. But he died a month after our arrival."

There came another long silence, in which the lad was not able to get the merchant's countenance. But when he did look at him again, there was such a new and kinder expression in the eyes which seemed almost to devour his face, that he felt assurance in his heart that Mr. Frazier was a good man and would be a friend to his mother.

"Sit here for a little while," said Mr. Frazier, and turning to his desk, he wrote a brief note, in which, without permitting the lad to see what he was doing, he enclosed two or three bank bills.

"Take this to your mother," he said, handing the note to the lad.

"You'll try and get me a place, sir, won't you?" The little boy lifted to him an appealing look.

"Oh, yes. You shall have a good place. But stay; you have not told me where you live."

"At No.—Melon street."

"Very well." Mr. Frazier noted the street and number. "And now take that note to your mother."

"God sent your son to a true friend."

"Take courage. Let him come to me tomorrow."

The merchant did not resume his newspaper after the lad departed. He had lost his interest in its contents. For a time he sat with his face so that no one saw its expression. If spoken to on any matter, he answered briefly, and with nothing of his usual interest in business. The change in him was so marked that one of his partners asked him if he were not well. "Feel a little dull," he evasively answered.

Before his usual time Mr. Frazier left his store and went home. As he opened the door of his dwelling, distressed cries and sobs of a child came with an unpleasant sound upon his ears. He went upstairs with two or three long strides and entered the nursery from which the cries came.

"What is the matter, darling?" he said, as he caught the weeping one in his arms.

"What ails my little Maggie?"

"Oh pa! pa!" sobbed the child, clinging to his neck, and laying her wet face close to his.

"Jane," said Mr. Frazier, looking at the nurse and speaking with some sternness of manner.

"Why is Maggie crying in this manner?"

The girl was not excited but pale.

"She has been naughty," was her answer.

"No, pa! I ain't been naughty," said the child, indignantly. I didn't want to stay here all alone, and she pinched me and slapped me so hard. Oh, pa!" And the child's wail rang out again, and she clung to his neck, sobbing.

"Has she ever pinched and slapped you before?" asked the father.

"She does it most every day," answered the little girl.

"Ask him to come up, my son," she said, and Charles went down stairs again.

A man's firm tread approached the door. It was opened, and the boy's mother and the boy's new-found friend looked into each other's faces.

"Just look at my poor leg, pa." The child said this in a hushed whisper, with her lips close to her father's ears.

Mr. Frazier sat down, and bearing the child's leg to the hip, saw that it was covered with blue and green spots; all above the knee there were not less than dozen of those distinguished marks. He examined the other leg, and found it in the same condition.

Mr. Frazier loved that child with a deep tenderness. She was his all to love. Her mother, between whom and himself there had never been any sympathy, died two years before, and since that time, his previous darling—the apple of his eye—had been left to the tender mercies of hired nurses, over whose conduct it was impossible for him to have any right observation.

He had often feared that Maggie was neglected—often troubled himself on her account—but a suspicion of cruelty like this never came into his imagination as possible.

Mr. Frazier was profoundly disturbed; but even in his passion he was calm.

"Jane," he said sternly, "I wish you to leave the house immediately."

"Mr. Frazier!"

"Silence." He showed himself so stern and angry even in this suppressed utterance of the word, that Jane started and left the room instantly.

M. Frazier rang the bell, and to the waiter who answered it said:

"See that Jane leaves the house at once. I have discharged her. Send her trunk wherever she may wish it taken. Here is the money that is due. I must not see her again."

"Do good as you have opportunity."

Only a week before the lad's application to the merchant had this injunction been urged in his hearing by an eloquent preacher, and the words coming to his thoughts led him to call back the boy, after his cold

and quiet in his caresses. Now the almost unkind repulse.

sleeping impulses of a strong heart were all awake and alive.

In a small back chamber sat a pale, sweet-faced, patient-looking woman, reading a letter which had just been left her by the post man.

"Thank God!" she said, as she finished reading it, and her soft brown eyes, were uplifted upward. "It looked very dark," she murmured, "but the morning has broken again."

A light, quick step was heard on the stairs, and the door was pushed hastily open.

"Charles, dear."

The boy entered with excited countenance.

"I'm going to get a place, mother," he said to her, the moment his feet were inside the door.

The pale woman smiled, and held out her hand to her boy. He came quickly to her side.

"There is no necessity for your getting a place now, Charles. We shall go back to England."

"Oh, mother." The boy's face was all aglow with shame.

"Here is a letter from a gentleman in New York, who says that he is directed by your uncle Wilton to pay our passage to England, if we will return. God is good, my son. Let us be thankful."

Charles now drew from his pocket the note which Mrs. Frazier had given him, and handed it to his mother.

"What is this?" she asked.

"The gentleman who promised to get me a place sent your son to a true friend."

"Take courage. Let him come to me to-morrow."

"Who gave you this?" she asked, her pale faced growing warm with sudden excitement.

"A gentleman. But I don't know who he was. I went into a great many stores to ask if they didn't want a boy,

The Shelby Sentinel,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,

BY JOHN T. HEARN.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 6, 1866.

SALUTATORY.

This pleasant June morning, while all nature teems with enchanting beauty, while the delicious spring-time would invite us to seek its pleasant groves, and while the birds go singing around the meadows, we are inclined to go forth, to pluck bright flowers and listen to nature's mild sweet melody. But before us looms up in majestic proportions, the stern dictates of duty and of responsibility. We have a duty to perform, a destiny to accomplish, and the work that invites us is of such a character as to command our active energies and our ceaseless vigilance. Appreciating the weighty responsibility devolving upon those who control and wield the Press, we may well fear and tremble at our first step into the Editorial Sanctum, knowing that care and diligence is required to conduct aright a journal, whose position is to be gained by patient toil and unremitting action. To us the position is new, untried and susceptible of peril. Looking back to the many melancholy failures, that mark the history of such undertakings as this, we may well take heed to our ways, and reflect carefully at every step. In beginning we desire to make no promises, that we can not fulfil, merely stating that *Duty*, shall ever guide us in all our actions, and all we ask is charity.

We have need in all our intercourse with society, to bring into practice this grace, that places a veil over man's frailties and hopes for better things. Even good men—men whose lives are devoted to God's service are fallible and erring, and frequently we need to look at them with the kindly glance of pardon, and drop the tear of sympathy upon their faults.

How hard, how inconsistent too, with Christianity is the principle, that because a brother, steps slowly and falteringly up the rounds, how hard, we say to push him down. Rather if he halts, give him the helping hand, that he may ascend the heights, where Christian love and charity is enthroned. We are called in the discharge of all life's duties to exercise charity, to our fellow men, and moreover, to ask charity.

All men cannot see through our glasses, but that is not sufficient reason to abuse and traduce them. Their intentions may be as pure as ours, and to attribute base motives to them, is ungenerous and uncharitable.—We do not desire however to preach a sermon, or read a lecture to our readers, upon charity; but would apply these remarks to our case for an example. The untried and responsible position in which we are placed demand the greatest exercise of forbearance. Friends, to the best of our ability we will serve you, but if we err, if we make occasional missteps, remember we entreat you to exercise the greatest of all graces, charity.

Our mission is to every family circle, where we may be invited and with cheerful words, kindly greetings, and familiar intercourse, we desire to become a welcome guest. We do not wish to intrude upon any who do not desire to see us. Those who repel our advances, disregard our good intentions, we pass by, sadly reflecting how unpleasant must be the home where a timid, inoffensive guest, can not find a welcome. To those homes, and they are many, who for weeks have awaited our coming we enter gladly, with light heart and friendly greeting to take our place in their midst, for we know that as a companion and friend it is our province to make that home happy.

As a reporter of the world's actions, we desire to make the *Sentinel*, a superior Family News-paper, displaying with intelligent skill and well arranged fitness, the events of life that go to make up history. All that is attractive in art and science, all that is beautiful in nature, or grand and worthy in history, will be subject to our range. All that serves to raise man to dignity and elevate humanity to honor, all these shall adorn our columns.

Our course will be strictly independent of sectarian or partisan attachments, free to criticize, condemn or approve any and all measures that may come up for discussion. We will always uphold in political, religious and the various affairs of life, principles true and tried,—principles conservative in tendency and safe at all times.

To the people, we would respectfully but earnestly, submit our claims to support and influence. We know, that in commencing the *Sentinel*, we are supplying a want long felt. And we are also sure that the character we propose to give to our paper, will eventually meet the approbation of the people of Shelby, as well as the praise of the citizens of the State.—We intend the *Sentinel* shall be an energetic, lively, first class Family Newspaper. To attain this end we extend an invitation, to every friend of the *Sentinel*, to contribute to the success of our paper by their communications. Men of the three learned professions, Divinity, Law, and Medicine, you who can discuss with ability all

questions, you who have many racey experience in life, many charming episodes and thrilling stories of interest, laid back in memories, store house, bring them forth, and lay them before the readers of the *Sentinel*. Men of all professions all trades and occupations, have adventures and ideas worth recording; send them to us, that we may rejoice the hearts of our readers. To the soldiers of both armies, lately returned to the pursuits of peace, the invitation is extended. Many a thrilling story of camp life, or of human nature in its various characters, will awaken a hearty interest.—Soldiers, let us hear from you.

The gallantry of the *Sentinel* would be questioned, and rightfully so, did we not have a word to say in our Salutatory, to the ladies. Messengers of joy and love to man, our mission is to you, and continually you will find us culling choice flowers from fancy's field, and sober facts from realities garner, for your especial benefit. We respectfully ask your assistance as friends, and as contributors, assuring you that with jealous care we will ever watch your interests.

Madams and youths, as you go forth through wood and glen inhaling the sweet breath of flowers, twining bright garlands to deck the bough, or wander by the crystal streams, and listen to the gladsome strain of feathered songster, remember us, and let us sprinkle sweet roses of peace and love in your pathway, and let each young thrilling heart breath a welcome to the *Sentinel*.

To all we extend our greeting. Fathers and mothers, let our paper be your weekly visitor. Let it be to you a welcome guest, a household word.

We know the people of Shelby. Their generosity, intelligence and refinement, are matters of fact. We can appeal confidently, cheerfully and boldly to them to give their influence and aid to our undertaking. We will ever be found advocating those interests that tend to the prosperity of the people, and will resist all encroachments upon their rights and privileges as citizens.

And now with gratitude to God for his goodness in granting some success to our undertaking, and with words of greeting to our friends, and with well wishes to every home in which we enter, we close our Salutatory.

ACTION.—Action, continuous action, is the motto of the universe. By the little toiler who lives in the sea, and by the mighty systems that roll in space, there is a lesson taught that men should heed. No delay, no idleness, in the great workshop of universal nature. "Let us then be up and doing," fighting in the raging contest of life, and meriting the reward of faithful servants.

Inaction is not a characteristic of earth, neither is it the condition of the heavenly host. There will be employment for all of God's people; employment which the shining throng above, joyfully perform. Ever since the morning stars shouted for joy over the new creation, the rush of worlds has been going on.

Let energetic action, then, guide us in the discharge of all life's duties. Let us overcome all obstacles, and as citizens of this great country, place our name and fame, upon the brightest page of the world's history. Let us do away with the sad effects of war, as speedily as possible, by getting once more, upon the highway to national greatness, starting new enterprises, and infusing life and spirit into the people.

There is work to do. Get at it, men of Shelby, and all the rest of mankind; improve your farms, raise fine stock, put up fine houses, build railroads, and we will go flying down to posterity, as the greatest nation that ever rose, reigned, or fought.

ADVERTISE! ADVERTISE!—Merchants, Mechanics, Manufacturers, Lawyers, Physicians, and in fact, every man, who lives and breathes, should advertise. A man who earns a living by the humblest toil, can obtain the highest price for his labor, by advertising. This fact, is made evident by a glance at the daily papers of our great cities.

Hero are displayed the multiplied wants of thousands; hero is the great Exchange, where men of all trades, and all nations, meet to supply each other's wants.

Fellow citizens of Shelby, if you would get the best prices for your farms, your stock, and the produce of your farms; in fact, if you want to make money, at any avocation in which you are engaged, the *Sentinel*, affords the chance of proclaiming your business to the world. Our terms are moderate, and circulation constantly increasing.

OUR AIM.—Desiring to furnish a paper entertaining and instructive, we will bend our energies to the task. Believing that to reach a high point of excellence, we must aim high, we will place the mark to which we aspire, far above mediocrity, and that mark, shall guide us to the end. If we never attain the point to which we aim, we will have the satisfaction of feeling, that as the brave soldier dies fighting, so we will fail, if we must, at our post, still striving.

But we prefer to discard that word "fail" and with the motto, "never despair," emblazoned upon our banner, overcoming all obstacles, we will place our paper in an enviable position before the country.

Go to Work.—Do the good people of Shelby know they are charged with old fogeyism? They are thus charged, and we fear that to some extent they merit the reproach. Look at the facts now of Shelby, rouse from your Rip Van Winkle slumbers and go to work. In no depreciating or fault finding spirit would we write of our native county, but to excite an interest in the general welfare of the community, do we call attention to facts of vital importance.

As a county, from want of enterprise and energy, Shelby has lost thousands and thousands of dollars, and has been deprived of improvements which to other counties have been sources of wealth. We refer to the railroads that have been projected and talked of but never completed. With proper efforts we could years ago, have had railroad communication with great commercial centers, and at this time should be reaping the reward of energy in large dividends and in the increased conveniences of travel.

But our wealthy citizens have preferred investing their money in wild Western lands, or in wild gold speculation, which is worse, sinking oil wells and their money in them; any thing however hazardous, rather than build at their own doors an enterprise of untold value. Thus they have aided in increasing the value of land in other states, have assisted enterprises in other counties while Shelby has been neglected.

A spirit of home enterprise has at last arisen in the minds of the people, and we conjure them to take advantage of it, and with well directed efforts to work for the completion of the *Sentinel* Railroad. We believe the people are in earnest and will delay no longer. Men of energy and influence are laboring in the enterprise,—men who will permit no obstacle to retard their progress. Let us no longer bear the stigma of halting, hesitating old fogeyism, but prove that we can and will have a railroad. In behalf of the undertaking we extend a cordial invitation for discussion of the subject through the columns of our paper, and will use our influence to arouse the people to a sense of its importance.

To Contributors.—"Sago," has our thanks for his article. It possesses a peculiar interest to us from the fact of its being the first Communication to the *Sentinel*. Aside from this the article is an excellent one and will well repay perusal. "Sago" let us hear from you often, you are always welcome.

Other friends have signified their intention of writing for our paper, and we cordially invite them to send on their articles.

Our community is not excelled by any in the state for talent and writing ability, and if contributors would avail themselves of the columns of the *Sentinel* we can have a paper unequalled by any in the West. We extend a general invitation to contributors, without reference to any sect or party.

All questions of interest, are subject to discussion, the Editor reserving the privilege of accepting or rejecting any or all articles.

"Welcome, Low and Urbane, Hilarious; Welcome, all the honest crew; And, to make our blis more various, Welcome, choicer Ladies too!"

After such an invitation, who will hesitate to give us the aid we ask?

Our Name.—We have selected for our paper from the multitude of names proposed, the *Sentinel*. As a medium of communication emanating from this county, and circulating in various Western and Southern States, we place the honored name of our county at the head of our paper.

If there is any significance attached to the name *Sentinel*, it is this: As a faithful friend of the people, we will stand guard over their interests and with vigilance will watch their progress, ever ready to sound the alarm of an enemy that would threaten the general welfare.

As a soldier upon the watch tower continues faithful to his orders, so we, sensible of the responsibility of our situation, will perform with fidelity the trust imposed upon us.

A Word to our Readers.—We trust our readers will appreciate our apology and not condemn us until a fair trial. If the selected matter in this number is not such as our readers approve, let them remember that just beginning a paper without exchanges, does not permit us to present that variety that old established papers possess. Next week our exchanges will be in, and from the various journals of the country we will be enabled to give a good variety of reading matter upon various subjects.

Where's Barnum?—If that dealer in Nature's wonders would call at our office we would take him to a curiosity that would add much to his collection.

Mr. John Hall, near town, has upon his farm a very fine colt, two weeks old, which was born with but three legs, the left fore leg being minus. Mr. Hall informs us that the colt is a very fine one, active, and bids fair to live to a green old age.

To Correspondents.—Communications are solicited, upon any and all subjects of general interest. Short and well written articles will be gratefully received. Let not your light shine in a bushel, but let it shine forth in the "Shelby Sentinel."

To BE ENLARGED.—It is our intention to enlarge the *Sentinel*, just as soon as the increased subscription list, will justify the additional expense. We appeal to our friends everywhere, to procure us subscribers sufficient to warrant the outlay. Let all persons who receive a copy of this paper, use a little effort in obtaining the names of their friends, as subscribers. It will be our aim to publish a paper acceptable to all classes; a paper which all can aid by their efforts, heartily and cheerfully given.

We desire to enlarge, that we may do justice to our talented contributors, while we, at the same time, may afford the editor a full swing. Roll in the names, then, and let us send forth a sheet unequalled in the State, and which will command the admiration, and receive the patronage of all classes.

The Hardinsville Affair.—We have received from gentlemen worthy of confidence, a statement of the shooting affair, near Hardinsville. On Saturday night, May 26 eleven young men left Hardinsville after church and proceeded to the house of a negro man in Franklin County, named Reuben, where also lived a negro man named Isaac Wilson, who had been a Federal Soldier; they demanded admittance which was denied. The door was then broken down by the young men and three of four of them entered. An alteration ensued in which Mr. James Carico was shot and instantly killed, and two others of the party wounded. Isaac who did the shooting went to Frankfort immediately and surrendered himself to the authorities.

He was tried before Justices Quin and Gwynn, and was acquitted upon the ground of justifiable homicide.

MARRIED.

On Thursday, May 31st, at the residence of the bride's father, in Middletown, by the Rev. S. Allen, J. MARSHALL RILEY, Esq., of Plaisburg, Mo., and Miss ANNIE BRUSH, daughter of Rev. Geo. W. Brush.

DIED.

From the effects of a pistol shot wound, at 10 minutes past 10 o'clock P. M., Monday, June 4th, EDWARD BRADY, at the residence of his brother, on the Seventh street plank road, near Louisville, Ky.

Special Notices.

TO THE CITIZENS OF SHELBY COUNTY.

THE friends of J. M. ARMSTRONG, the Popular Clothing Merchant, on Main Street opposite the NATIONAL HOTEL Louisville Ky.

Will be glad to learn that he has reconsidered his intention to "quit" the Clothing Business, and has refitted his old and well known stand, and has opened a New and Elegant Stock of Men's, Boys & Children's CLOTHING to which he invites the attention of the citizens. The great decline in goods enables him to replenish his stock on most advantageous terms and which he will be glad to share with his friends. So call at Armstrongs when you visit Louisville.

June 6, 1866. 2mo.

New Advertisements.

Candidates.

For Assessor.

We are authorized to announce, A. P. HICKMAN, is a candidate for Assessor of Shelby County, at the August Election, 1866. June 6, 1866. 2mo.

GEORGE W. READ, is a Democratic Candidate for Assessor of Shelby County, at the August Election, 1866. June 6, 1866. 2mo.

S. T. SHOUSE, is a Democratic Candidate for Jailer, of Shelby County, at the August Election, 1866. June 6, 1866. 2mo.

For Sheriff.

GEORGE W. SHERWOOD, is a Candidate for Jailer of Shelby County, at the August Election, 1866. June 6, 1866. 2mo.

J. S. H. ELLINGWOOD, is a Candidate for Sheriff of Shelby County, at the next August election.

For County Clerk.

We are authorized to announce JOHN T. BALARD, as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Court Clerk, at the next August election.

For Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce JOHN T. BALARD, as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Court Clerk, at the next August election.

June 6, 1866. 2mo.

For County Attorney.

We are authorized to announce ERASMIUS FRAZIER, as a candidate for County Attorney at the next August election.

For Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce JNO. F. DAVIS, Jr. as a candidate for Sheriff at the next August election.

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For Sheriff.

HASTINGS & HOLLENBACH,
CONFECTIONERS, GROCERS
AND
DEALERS

IN
FANCY GOODS

AND

NOTIONS.

North Side Main Street, Between 5th & 6th.

SHELBYVILLE, KY.,

WHERE can be found at all times, a large and well selected stock of choice Goods, consisting in part of

Assorted and French, Candies, Foreign Fruits, Nuts,

Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes,

Fancy Groceries, Coal Oil,

Syrups, Flavoring Extracts,

Wooden & Willow Ware,

Stationery, Perfumery,

Toilet Goods, Soaps,

Walking Canes, &c., &c., &c.,

AND various other goods embraced in our line which we will sell CASH as low as any house in the trade.—TERMS Cash.

June 6, 1866.

JUST RECEIVED.

A new supply of clothing, which we can sell cheaper than anybody—

CLOTH and CASSIMER SUITS.

PLAIN and FANCY.

CLOTH CASSIMER SILK.

MARSEILLE and SUMMER VESTS.

LINEN, CHECK and LICKORY SHIRTS.

DRAWERS. HALF HOES, GLOVES, TIRES.

SUSPENDERS, HANDKERCHIEFS.

COLLARS.

In a great variety, and everything usually found in a first class

Gentlemen's Furnishing Store.

All of which we pledge ourselves to sell as low as the lowest Louisville retail prices. Custom work and cutting done in the latest style by first class artists. Come and see for yourselves.

R. T. OWEN & CO.

(ONE DOOR WEST OF T. C. McGrath.)

June 6, 1866.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

A. D. Blanton & Others,

vs. } In Equity.

Elizabeth W. Elanton, D.

ON MONDAY, June 11th 1866,—in virtue of a decree of the Shelby County Court, rendered in the above case, at the March Term, 1866, it will, as Master Commissioner of said Court, sell at public auction, in the Court House door, in the town of Shelbyville, Kentucky, between the hours of 10 o'clock, a. m. and 4 o'clock,

VERY VALUABLE LAND,

situate near Shelbyville, on the Louisville and Smithfield Pike, as follows:

Lot No. 1. Contains 11 Acres on Smithfield Pike, and immediately in the rear of the Fair Grounds.

Lot No. 2. Contains 29 Acres fronting on Louisville Pike, which is situated in the rear of the Masonic Hall.

Lot No. 3. Contains 361 Acres fronting on Louisville Pike, and runs back to the Alkins Road. Lot No. 4.

Contains 44 Acres, adjoins No. 3, fronts on the Pike, and runs back to No. 3, and is partly in Timber and Blue Grass.

These Lots offer a rare chance for judicious investment, in desirable Real Estate.

TERMS.—**1-3** Cash in hand, balance in **6&12** Months. Perchance to execute bond with security bearing interest and retaining a lien until paid.

T. O. SHACKELFORD M. C.

May 23 1866.

F. KRUEGER.

DEALER IN



BOOTS AND SHOES,
At Mrs. R. Clays Old Stand.

INVITES the attention of the Public to his Superior Stock of Boots and Shoes, which he keeps constantly on hand.

His Stock of Eastern work is selected with great care and will give satisfaction. He would call special attention to his Western work, which is of the best material and done by competent workmen. He solicits a share of public patronage, feeling confident that he can give entire satisfaction in making fit and style—call before purchasing elsewhere.

All goods, bought in the Store, will be repaired without charge.

June 6, 1866.

GENOVLY HOUSE,

(Late Howard House.)

74 Market Street, between Brook and Floyd.

Louisville Ky.,

This House, under its present Proprietor, offers unrivaled inducements to both

Transient Guests and Regular Boarders.

CHARGES VERY MODERATE.

There is also connected therewith very extensive and excellent

Driving House and Stable Accommodations.

A. GENOVLY, Proprietor.
June 6, 1866.



THE SENTINEL OFFICE

IS ONE OF THE

LARGEST AND

MOST COMPLETE

COUNTRY OFFICE

IN THE STATE.

IT IS SUPPLIED THROUGHOUT

WITH

MATERIAL

Embracing Over

ONE HUNDRED

VARIETIES OF TYPE!

AND

TWO PRESSES

OUR MATERIAL

Has ALL been selected from the

Very best Type Foundries

IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE SENTINEL OFFICE

IS THEREFORE,

PREPARED TO EXECUTE

WITH

NEATNESS

—AND—

DISPATCH,

EVERY STYLE OF PRINTING,

FROM THE

LARGEST POSTER

TO THE

SMALLEST CARD.

IN

PLAIN,

FANCY,

AND

ORNAMENTAL

PRINTING

WE DEFY COMPETITION.

Our Material

FOR

PRINTING ALL KINDS OF

BLANKS,

IS

FULLY EQUAL

To that of any other office in the West.

We can execute, at Reasonable rates, and in a Superior Style:—

BOOKS,

PAMPHLETS,

CATALOGUES,

CIRCULARS,

PROGRAMMES,

STORE BILL'S

HANDBILLS,

ENVELOPES,

LETTER HEADINGS,

BUSINESS CARDS,

VISITING CARDS,

PARTY TICKETS,

RECEPTION CARDS,

WEDDING TICKETS,

BANK NOTICES,

FUNERAL NOTICES,

NEGOTIABLE NOTES,

Every one favoring us with their work in their department of our business, may rely upon having their orders filled with promptness, and in the best manner.

Rates of Advertising.

All advertisements not contracted for by the month, or for a longer period, one dollar per square, (one inch) for the first insertion, fifty cents per square for the second insertion, and twenty-five cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

No "full forbid" advertisements inserted. The time advertisements are to be inserted must be specified.

OUR CONTRACT PRICES ARE:

One column, 20 lines	Half column, 15 lines	5 lines	4 lines	3 lines	2 lines	1 line
1 week. \$1.00	1 week. 50	1 week. 25	1 week. 15	1 week. 10	1 week. 5	1 week. 2.50
2 weeks. 1.50	1 week. 50	1 week. 25	1 week. 15	1 week. 10	1 week. 5	1 week. 2.50
3 weeks. 2.00	1 week. 50	1 week. 25	1 week. 15	1 week. 10	1 week. 5	1 week. 2.50
1 month. 2.50	1 week. 50	1 week. 25	1 week. 15	1 week. 10	1 week. 5	1 week. 2.50
2 months. 3.00	1 week. 50	1 week. 25	1 week. 15	1 week. 10	1 week. 5	1 week. 2.50
3 months. 3.50	1 week. 50	1 week. 25	1 week. 15	1 week. 10	1 week. 5	1 week. 2.50
6 months. 4.00	1 week. 50	1 week. 25	1 week. 15	1 week. 10	1 week. 5	1 week. 2.50
12 months. 4.50	1 week. 50	1 week. 25	1 week. 15	1 week. 10	1 week. 5	1 week. 2.50

CANDIDATES FOR OFFICE.—For each announcement of a Candidate, or call upon a person to become a Candidate, \$1; and 25 cents per week as long as continued. The money to accompany the announcement or call.

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF MARRIAGES and Deaths published gratis.

OBITUARY Notices, Tributes of Respect, etc., will be charged **50 cents for each ten lines**; —the money to accompany the manuscript.

ADVERTISEMENTS under the "Special Notice" head will be charged 50 per cent additional to the above rates.

ALL transient advertisements, and all advertisements of a transient nature.

YEARLY advertisers have the privilege of altering their advertisements quarterly. More frequent changes, must be contracted for, otherwise they will be charged 20 cents per square for each change.

ADVERTISEMENTS will not be regarded as yearly, but as annually, unless specially contracted for as such; and the privilege of yearly advertisers will be confined to their regular business, and other advertisements not relating to their business as contracted for, to be paid for extra.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on a contract will not be discontinued until the expiration of the time contracted for, except by mutual agreement, and the advertiser paying the rates charged for transient advertisements.

ALL advertisements of public meetings, speakings, fairs, fraternities, etc.; and all notices of private enterprises, or calculated or intended to promote the personal interests of individuals; or those that do not possess general interest, will only be inserted with the understanding that the same is to be paid for at the rate of **25 cents per line.**

If there be any editorial censure, the same will be charged at the rate of **not less than twenty cents per line.**

REGULAR advertisers, and all others sending communications, or requiring notices, designed to call attention to any public entertainment, where charges are made for admittance; all notices of private associations; every notice designed to call attention to private enterprises, or calculated or intended to promote the personal interests of individuals; or those that do not possess general interest, will only be inserted with the understanding that the same is to be paid for at the rate of **25 cents per line.**

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From *Guthrie's Sunday Magazine*.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

*Jerusalem the golden,
I languish for thy gleam
Of all thy glories hidden.
In distance, and in dream?
My thoughts like palm in exile
Climb up to look and pray
For a glimpse of that dear country
That lies so far away.*

*Jerusalem the golden,
Methinks each flower that blows,
And every bird a singer,
Of the same secret know!
I know not what the flowers
Can feel, or singers see,
But all these summer raptures
Are prophecies of thee.*

*Jerusalem the golden,
When the sun sets in the West,
It seems the goal of glory,
The city of the blest;
And my soul's bright torches,
Through intermediate gloom,
Are wakening with their welcome
To thy eternal home.*

*Jerusalem the golden!
Where softly they sing,
O'er pain and sorrow's golden!
For ever triumphing!
Lowly, yet high and grand,
And dark may be the door,
The mansion is immortal—
God's palace for his poor.*

*Jerusalem the golden,
There all our birds that flew—
Our flowers but half unloosed,
Our pearls that turned to dew—
And all the glad life-music—
Now heard no longer here,
Shall come again to greet us.
As we are drawing near.*

*Jerusalem the golden!
I soil on day by day;
Heart-sore each night with longing,
I stretch my hands and pray,
That midst thy leaves of healing,
My soul may find her rest,
Where the wicked come from troubling—
The weary are at rest.*

THE SCULPTOR'S BRIDE.

My boyhood was passed in dreams. I never knew a father; and my mother was one of the most indulgent of widowed parents, who have but one object of interest in life. I was a visionary lad, which she could well afford to forgive, for she was the dreamiest of all visionaries herself. Once she took me to the studio of a friend, who had some business relations with her. The statue I saw there was perfectly wonderful to me. I saw them in my dream that night and for a week afterwards. Sometimes the forms I had seen there ranged themselves before me, when alone, even in my waking hours; and I talked to them as we talk to human beings.

I was wild to visit the studio again; and then I saw him completing a model from wet clay. The mystery was solved, but the interest was deepened, not decreased. I frequented the place until he begged my mother to take me away. It was no fit place, he said, for a child like me—imaginative, absorbed in such fancies as his art suggested. She kept me at home after this, and the result was that I grew thin and pale, and cared for nothing else in the world but the darling statues. I had watched him too long and attentively not to have some idea of the process.

I procured some clay and carried it to my phrasery in the attic. My mother's only servant wondered at the number of cloths which I begged of her incessantly; and one day she frightened my mother by running hastily down from my room, which she had been searching for mysteriously lost towels, which I had purloined from the kitchen closet. She had seen ghost, she declared, in Master Leonard's room—a real ghost. She shrieked all the way down, giving the impression that she had injured herself severely. My mother had the good sense and courage to investigate the room once, and was surprised to find a very tolerable figure of a child, from which I had that morning removed the wrappings. It was standing on a pedestal of about three feet in height, and Mary had mistaken it for a tall skeleton form.

That night I heard my mother go upstairs after I was in bed, and a man's footsteps accompanied her. Going down some time afterwards, I heard her friend, the sculptor's voice. He was saying, "Very extraordinary, certainly for a child nine years old. Mrs. Eustace, you must let him come again to me; I will make a sculptor of him."

It was thus that my darling wish was accomplished. Out of school hours the whole of my time was spent with Mr. Ratcliffe. My mother knew him for a pure, good man, devoted to his art, yet not allowing it to absorb his mind from high religious tendencies. I shall pass over hastily the years thus spent imbibing his principles. His workshop was my college, my academy of art, where I learned high and noble things.

Mr. Ratcliffe was but forty years old and I was but twenty, when he proposed that we should go to Italy together. My mother was, of course, to be consulted. To my great joy, she consented, and proposed to accompany us and keep house for us at Florence, whether she had once travelled with my father. It was a great happiness not to be separated from her. We had never lived apart a single day, and my only hesitation about going was the thought of leaving her.

To Italy, therefore, we went, three happy, joyous travellers. We hired a pretty cottage, embowered with vines, and took a studio in the heart of the city, yet within walking distance of the house. Mr. Ratcliffe often preferred working at home; and a little building, which had once been used as a summer pavilion, was occupied by him for that purpose. Sometimes he went to the other, and then I enjoyed the luxury of pleasant days near my mother, and of a full communion with nature in that delightful climate, until he signed a desire to return to it.

My days were pleasant enough then—too pleasant to last. Mr. Ratcliffe was suddenly seized with an epidemic fever and died in a few days. I deplored his loss as I should of a father. I felt now more than ever how deeply I had been indebted to this dear friend. My bereavement affected me sadly. I could not bear to go to the two places where, if not wholly together, we had a mutual interest. It was sad enough at the little pavilion to miss his ready smile and his invaluable counsel; but when I went into the city studio, it was even more gloomy and cheerless, so I gave up going there altogether and remov-

ed everything from town to the pavilion, hoping that our former patrons would seek me there.

My mother had lost much property since we came to Florence, and I felt that there was a necessity for exertion. It was what my friend would have counselled. Yet as I stood before the beautiful creations which his hand had wrought, I felt disheartened and sore to my inmost being. I dropped my work and wandered out into the deep woods that lay back of our little retreat. In my sorrowful mood I threw myself down upon the ground beneath a clump of trees. I am not ashamed to confess that I shed tears.

A soft footstep aroused me. I sprang up hastily and encountered one whom I might well have deemed an angel from the upper world. Yet it was not altogether her beauty that arrested my gaze, although it was of a rare and exquisite order. It was the mingled grace and dignity of her whole appearance, the beautiful soul shining forth in her face, the gentleness, modesty and perfect serenity of her deportment, that charmed me as no woman had charmed me before.

"You weep—you suffer," she said sweetly and her voice completed the charms. "I am so sorry that I should have intruded upon your grief!"

I strove to speak, but my words would not come for some moments. Her evident sympathy with my emotion seemed to break down the barriers that might exist between strangers; and when I at length regained my speech, her attention seemed riveted by the tale of grief which poured from my lips. I felt that I could speak to her as a long tried, dearly-loved friend, so intimately did she come into my thoughts and experiences; and the words of consolation which she spoke were not those stereotyped, proverbial ones that repel and annoy every true mourner.

It was but a few moments that shivering led near me; but when she departed she had left, not a shadow, but a sunlight over my path. Who was she? Should I ever see her again? These were questions that forced themselves upon me when she had gone. Something of stateliness I fancied I had detected, as of one born of rank, and with noble blood in her veins. But her garb was such as the simplest cottage maiden might wear, and her hair wore no ornament save its own beautiful and glossy curls, that hung free and unfeathered as her dress hung about her figure.

Why follow minutely this tale of love? Another and another interview, and then we both knew that, in life or death, in joy or sorrow, in prosperous or adverse hours, each would be to the other a second self. Neither had ever asked a question of the other in regard to name, lineage, rank or possessions. It was the old story of trusting, confiding love—unbought, unsold—Each was all the world to each; and the contract that bound our hearts together was sealed by no senseless parchment, but by a single kiss, pure and holy in its truth and fervor.

There was yet no word of marriage. I judged that Clemence might be poor. Her dress of simple gray was not at all differing from the lowest Florentine maiden, except that it was even more studiously plain. It hung from her neck, with nothing but a simple zone confining the folds round her waist, and fastened by a tiny steel clasp. But what care I for wealth or poverty in her who, if heaven permitted us to join our fates together, would be the greatest treasure ever bestowed on man!

I would have gladly presented Clemence to my mother, but the former wished to delay it for a season, and I willingly acceded to her request that no one should know of our acquaintance at present. I was recalled from this dream of bliss by my mother. One day when I had lingered away longer than usual, she said to me, "Leonard, you have mourned long and faithfully for your friend. I do not grudge you the hours thus devoted to grief that honors alike you and him; but there are other duties awaiting you, and you must rise up, strong and brave, to meet them."

How I longed to tell her of Clemence, as he wished it otherwise.

From causes over which I had no control, my art, since the death of Ratcliffe, had suffered temporary suspension. I was now too poor to marry, although Mr. Ratcliffe had left me all he was worth. But that was sacred to my mother's use. Much against her will I chose to transfer the whole to her, save a few mementoes of his art, scarcely finished when he died. I had yet a fortune, however small, in earnest, and I was eager to commence. Now that there was an object to work for. But day after day went and no one came to employ my talents.

Since coming to Florence I had often heard of the Duke di Gonzaga, a man of princely fortune and fond of art. He came into my studio one morning, graciously introduced himself, and begged to see my work. I uncovered my statues for his inspection and was charmed at his praises. The next day he sent for me at a piazza to show me his collection. It was indisputably fine. His gallery was a noble apartment, ancient in style and full of rare specimens. My whole heart warmed to this man—so gracious, so noble, so cordial. His very presence carried with it a perfect affluence of good humor and grace. He desired me to execute a work for him. He would leave it to my choice to select a subject. Anything of which he had not already a design, he would like; better still, he was pleased to say that the design might be wholly original with myself. The use of the gallery he tendered to me to work in, that I might better understand what he lacked by what he already possessed.

At first I was hopeful and ardent; after pacing the duke's gallery for a few fruitless days, I grew dispirited, and thought I could never do anything that would be worth of standing in such glorious companionship. I went back to my lonely studio feeling more depressed than ever. My head was on the table, my hands folded in a dumb grief, when a touch upon my shoulder made me raise my eyes. It was Clemence who stood before me. I told her all, and with a quick and earnest sympathy she listened and bade me be of good courage.

"I have heard that the duke is very kind," she said. "He knows, too, enough of artists to feel that inspiration cannot be call-

ed up at will. Courage, my love! you will soon conquer the incubus that sits upon your heart."

Dear comforter! For her sweet sake I went back to the palazzo the next morning, determined to do something worthy of her and myself something that the world should acknowledge the work of a master's hand. I took my place opposite a great draped window. The full purple damask hung in rich, heavy folds before it. I threw off my heavy tunic, assumed a light garment, and seizing a large lump of clay, I stood awaiting the first ray of inspiration that might be darting towards me. Suddenly the dark curtains parted, and when they parted,

stood a form so perfectly beautiful, so angel-like, that, without speculating why it stood there, or whence it came, I began to pull up the mass and bring it into mortal shape. What could it be? Was it something of the imagination, or a spirit? The face, in its prime, was towards me, but a veil hid the features, and only showed the hair as it came rippling down the shoulders, without disguising the curve where the head joins the neck. This, so rarely beautiful, was perfection itself in the statue.

"Lady I weep—you suffer," she said sweetly and her voice completed the charms. "I am so sorry that I should have intruded upon your grief!"

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I told her all, and with a quick and earnest sympathy she listened and bade me be of good courage.

"I have heard that the duke is very kind," she said.

"He knows, too, enough of artists to feel that inspiration cannot be called up at will."

"Well, do come again soon, I beg on you—don't make yourself such a stranger."

"Good-by, Mrs. Long."

"Good-by, my dear Mrs. Tallman—I do hope you'll call again soon."

Thus saying, Mrs. Long embraced and gave a parting kiss to her friend. But the door was no sooner closed behind her, than ringing the bell for her servant, she gave him a very severe reprimand for letting in that long, gaunt, ugly, tiresome woman, as she called Mrs. Tallman.

"But she will come in of her own accord, and please ye, madam."

"It don't please me at all, and if ever—"

"Shall I shut the door in the face if her then?"

"Do any thing to keep her out."

"Oh! by the powers, will I—and I'll

about the length of life being determined by anatomical measurements. The question is, how much constitutional vitality is there, and how is it used? If naturally weak, it may be strengthened.

If wasted by using liquors and tobacco, one will let go of life so much the sooner. There are as many ways of committing suicide as of prolonging life.—Selected.

SIGNS OF LONG LIFE.—The best sign of long life are temperate habits, something to do, or "an object;" such for example, as educating a family, building up a useful institution, doing some missionary work, growing crops, inventing useful labor-saving machinery, and conforming to the laws of matter and of mind—in short, carrying out the design of your creation.

There is much nonsense in the twaddle

about the length of life being determined by anatomical measurements. The question is, how much constitutional vitality is there, and how is it used? If naturally weak, it may be strengthened.

If wasted by using liquors and tobacco, one will let go of life so much the sooner. There are as many ways of committing suicide as of prolonging life.—Selected.

FRIENDLY CALLS.

Mrs. Tallman called the other day to see her particular friend, Mrs. Long. They had long been friends—real honest friends—if you could believe the homely speeches they made to each other, and the bonny kisses they never failed to inflict on each other's lips every time they met. Nevertheless it would frequently so happen, that neither of them would be at home when the other called.

This sort of absence is no doubt consistent with the purest friendship, and with the most unflinching regard to truth: for it is next to impossible that a fashionable lady should at all times be at home, even to her friends; and as to sacred truth in these little affairs, why, surely every lady must be her own best judge whether she is at home or not.

As we were saying, Mrs. Tallman called to see her excellent friend, Mrs. Long. The call was answered by an Irish servant.

"Is Mrs. Long at home?"

"No, ma'am, she is not at home."

"Are you certain of it?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I'm very positive."

"I wished particularly to see her this morning."

"I'm under the necessity of informing you, ma